

THE DAILY REBEL.

Persons ordering The Rebel by mail will please bear in mind that we will not receive any of the subscribers' orders by the Atlanta Insurance Companies, nor those issued by Atlanta bankers in Montgomery or elsewhere. Neither will we undertake to return subscribers sent us, after the publication of this notice.

Persons receiving late Southern newspapers will greatly oblige us by the use of them. The general policy on all hands, to hear the latest intelligence from the enemy's country, and the absolute necessity, which the dissemination of such information is calculated to accomplish, should call to the attention of those along the front of our line in Middle Tennessee, the value of late Yankee journals. We are willing to pay cash, or to take liberal exchange for favors.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1863.

THE SITUATION.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that the fight, reported to have taken place between General Van Dorn's command and the enemy, actually came off three days after the first rumors which reached this place. On Monday evening we received the first intelligence of a signal victory near Franklin. As a report we published it. On Tuesday confirmatory tidings reached us. These we also gave to the public. On Wednesday and Thursday there hung over the whole matter an ominous silence, and we began to have some very strange misgivings.

But on yesterday the entire subject was cleared up. The following dispatch did our business for us, as it shows how Van Dorn and Forrest did that of the enemy:

TELEGRAMS, March 6th.

To Col. B. S. Ewell, Chattanooga, Tenn.—The enemy attacked Van Dorn yesterday at Thompson's Station, between Columbia and Franklin. He drove them back handily and captured five regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and two regiments of artillery. Our loss not yet reported.

[Signed,] BRAXTON BRAGG, Gen. Commanding.

We see by the above dispatch that the fight which was reported to have occurred on Sunday, did actually transpire on Wednesday; and that the results were pretty much as originally stated.

We have the following additional details in a dispatch from Maj. C. S. Severn, a gallant officer and perfectly reliable source of information. It was received at 6 o'clock last evening.

COLUMBIA, March 6.—Generals Forrest and Van Dorn yesterday had an engagement near Franklin. Gen. Van Dorn brought on the fight in front, Gen. Forrest flanked in their rear, capturing twenty-three hundred prisoners, and twenty-five hundred small arms. Forrest after capturing the prisoners pursued the enemy, who at last came in, in full retreat. The prisoners arrived here last night. Our loss small.

Maj. C. S. SEVERN, A. G. N. Gen. Forrest's Staff.

The morale of this fight is very considerable. It checks the advance of the enemy in an important direction. It encourages a large body of our troops, who were engaged on our side, and it has scattered an entire division of Rosecrans' army.

Three cheering cheers for Van Dorn and Forrest!

A late Cincinnati Enquirer is lying before us. We find some very plain talk in its column editorial, and also in six North-western papers—articles from which are copied into the Enquirer and headed—"Popular movements for Peace—The Opinions of the Press in All Parts of the Country." We make an epitome of their contents.

The Detroit (Michigan) Free Press says: Mr. Lincoln's administration have undertaken to do what no civilized government ever succeeded in—what Great Britain, even Louis Napoleon or the Czar of Russia, would not dare to attempt—to crush and exterminate ten millions of people, armed and united in a cause which they esteem that of their liberty, their homes and their honor.

The Columbus (Ohio) Statesman says: There can be no question as to the fact that at this moment at least seventy-five per cent. of the people of Ohio desire peace—not that they have any sympathy with the rebellion, or that they would not make any and every sacrifice to restore the Union—but because they are convinced that the imbecility and corruption which prevail in high places, the perversion of the war from the legitimate object for which it was commenced, the frequent and palpable violation of the Constitution by those in power, the gross assaults upon the liberty of the citizen, and the hundred other flagrant abuses and despotic practices which prevail in all the departments of government, have led them to believe that at the rate we are hurrying on, our Constitution and Union and the grand and glorious form of government which our fathers gave us, will soon be lost, and the country be forever and irretrievably ruined.

The Dayton (Ohio) Empire says: It is hard to conceive of the great joy that will

animate and enliven the hearts of the people when this cruel slaughter of Americans by Americans is ended; when the martial music of the hateful life and drum is superseded by the sweet song of peace; when the march of armies gives way to the march of industry and civilization; when spears shall be turned into pruning hooks, and swords into ploughshares, and the Goddess of Liberty, folding away forever the blood-stained banner of civil war, wears upon her wounded bosom the healing olive-branch of peace.

The Fort Warren (Ind.) Sentinel says: In view of the disasters which attend our arms on the Potomac, the utter demoralization of our army, the dissensions among our generals, and the determination of Lincoln, Stanton and Halleck to prevent General McClellan or any of his friends—or, in fact, any Democratic General who designs carrying on the war for the salvation of the Union—rather than to build up the abolition party—from successfully carrying on a campaign, is it not time to enquire if our national difficulties can not be adjusted in some other way than by fighting.

The Massillon (Ohio) Sentinel says: War can never restore this Union. The time when force could have accomplished anything has passed. As long as the people placed confidence in the integrity of the Administration, so long there was hope that the Government would be able to maintain itself. But that confidence is gone. Not one man in ten in our entire army, or throughout the non-seceded States, now believes that the war is being conducted for the preservation of the Union. Hardly any one, save those who are coining money out of the nation's calamity, has any confidence in Mr. Lincoln or his advisers.

The Hamilton (Ohio) Telegraph says: One universal cry for peace goes up from every home. Four-fifths of the brave men now in the field desire peace. Those who love the Union, and are loyal to it, want this war stopped; those who desire separation clamor for its continuance. The very life-blood of the nation has been sapped from it, and yet we hear the fanatics cry for war—war and extermination. The real enemies of the Government are those who have been loudest and most blatant for slaughter; they are those who have only a monied interest in the war, and have made no sacrifices of life, or property, or friends. These men, having never felt the desolation incident to the loss of a son, or brother on the battlefield, sneer at the weeping mother and friends, and even accuse them of doubtful patriotism. Men write long war articles for pay; and when we see a man in a blood and thunder leaders for loyal newspapers, or some brainless fool clamoring louder than his fellow for more lives, we are sure there is some consideration, some pay at the bottom of it all. Men in high places, drawing large salaries, can afford to damn the rebels and denounce traitors in the North. It is a pleasant thought for the soldier, toiling and bleeding through strife and storm, to hear of his neglected family; how the PATRIOTS promised protection and bread to the wife and child, and gave them none. The brave man standing guard amid the sleet and snow of a winter night, or marching to the death, and all the while the loved ones at home dying from want. Any one who reads the papers of New York, St. Louis and Cincinnati, will know that this is no fabrication, no picture of poesy.

The Louisville Democrat says that there is a growing conviction that the party in power at Washington have no expectation or desire to succeed in putting down this rebellion. They intend to do all the harm to the South that they can, in the remnant of time left them, and then acknowledge the separation. By this means they hope to hold power in the remnant of the Union. We shall see.

In some parts of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, a bushel and a half of corn will buy but one pound of sugar, and three bushels of corn or a bushel of wheat will buy one pound of coffee. The price of labor has so increased that the corn crop on thousands of farms will not pay the cost of gathering and preparing for market.

A late letter to the Cincinnati Gazette says, the coalition of the Federal army of Middle Tennessee cannot be very hopeful or promising; officers in the greatest abundance are said to be off on leave, and as for the soldiers, why the hospitals are stuffed with them.

Some of our contemporaries are announcing the fact that Gas is a disinfectant against Small Pox. If that is the case—the last some malady will not interfere with the deliberations of Congress this season.

Some verses on "Pride" have been attributed to the Abolition President. We do not know that "the Ape" is a pet of the Muse, but think he would be a decided feature in "Barney's Messum."

Mr. M. A. Mabley, a citizen of Georgia, is about establishing a depot in Richmond, for the purchase and sale of all kinds of presses, printing materials, type, ink, &c., in short everything that relates to the printer's craft.

My New Chambers and My Visitors.

BY JOHN HAPPEL.

I have recently acquired a new suite of chambers, elegantly furnished—a luxury rare in these unrefined days, and especially so in the village where I dwell.

These rooms, since I have come into possession thereof, have been the subject to me of much annoyance, and not a little diversion. Two days ago—before I came here, the apartments were occupied by a Captain, A. Q. M.,—yept Captain Curtin, of the army. He had been in the habit of transacting his business here, and his visitors from the grain-growing districts, I imagine to have been numerous, considering the number of persons who have called to see him since he left. For the first day or two of my administration over the apartments aforesaid, only one or two persons topped at my door, and asked for Captain Curtin, but ever since, the number of raps at that entrance-way have been countless, and their names legion.

Now, I am a quiet man. A lover of tranquillity. A recluse and fond of solitude, and a dignified man, as becomes one of my years, and who has witnessed the decline and death of sixty golden summers. When I retire to my cozy quarters, and light my lamp of Terrene and recline lazily in my high-backed pivot-wheeled lounge chair, and elevate my jolly old heels above the blazing grate, which makes my room a paradise on earth by its cheery reflection, and puff my cigar—I like to be let here alone. I am undisturbed sovereign here, and only. Out in the busy money-getting, war-talking world—I am nobody. I have a right to my undisturbed meditations in my own castle—and not to be importuned with ten thousand queries a day for the whereabouts of Captain Curtin.

The other day I had barely seated myself, pen in hand, for a big day's work. I had three epistles to pen for three separate periodicals—a short story to write for the Literary Messenger—a vaudeville "composition" for an old sweetheart's daughter, to indite a "Grapevine" for my friends of the Rebel, a sonnet in a protegee's Album, and a bundle of private correspondence to answer. I was in the midst of a smart paper on the Intervention question, and my cigar, even, had gone out, under the inspiration which chained me to the paper and made my quill run like a steam-engine for the moment. Just then there came a ghostly rapping at my door.

"Come in."

An elongated specimen of the genus cavalier entered. "Is Captain Curtin in?"

I was so much occupied with my own thoughts that I told him "yes," and immediately correcting myself, said "no."

The man looked incredulous as if doubting my sanity, and evidently questioning whether I meant yes or no. We gazed at each other ten minutes, he half in the door, I at my table. Then he went out, and I rose and bolted the door. I had scarcely returned to the table before another rap summoned me. It was a countryman this time. "Well," I said, "what do you wish?"

"Captain Curtin?"

"Don't know him, sir!" I said with freezing dignity, though I felt myself growing warm with indignation.

"Not so far as heard from," and with that I closed and bolted again. I worked then for half an hour uninterrupted, and then for recreation rose and paced the room, unbolted the door—re-lit my cigar, wheeled my chair round to the grate, tilted my heels again, and smoked myself to sleep.

I was awakened by a din as terrible as that of half a million bread rioters, forcing a barricade on a Parisian Boulevard. Some one was knocking at my door violently.

"Well, well," I said, not rising from my chair.

"What do you want?"

Voice from the outside—evidently a female voice—"Shure its yerself I'm after Captain Curtin. Let me in now, there's dear."

It was useless to protest that I was not the individual sought. The knocker would come in, and so I had to unbolt the door and a rubicund countenanced Irish washerwoman entered.

"Shure ye are no christian at all, Capting,—don't ye know the good book says 'knock and it shall be opened unto ye, and haven't I been banging away at the door of ye for this half hour!'"

I insisted that I had been sleeping and did not hear.

"Never mind, about yer apologies, just dacent, but pay me over the shuall bill ye owe me for the washing I did for yer, Capting."

There was no way to get rid of this woman but to liquidate the bill in question—a debt I am innocent of having contracted as the man in the room—and not until it was collected would the old biddy depart.

About ten hours ago, a man came to the door opened it noiselessly, walked up to the fireplace, seated himself, and said "good morning."

I acknowledged the salute, and proceeded with my epistolary duties. In about twenty minutes he ventured an interrogatory: "If it must be a fair question, what business do you follow?"

I told him I followed the quill-driving business, and dwelt there for a living, and occasionally murdered a few strangers by way of diversion, just to get possession of their pocket books!

"Then you haint Captain Curtin?" he queried nervously.

"Nary Curtin! Did you ever hear of 'twilght's Curtin?" I asked.

He had not.

"Well, my friend," I continued, "the post says that—"

Twilight let her curtain down And pin'd it with a star.

My visitor rose and moved towards the door rapidly, keeping his eye fixed on me all the time. He evidently thought me an escaped lunatic. He stepped outside the door, thrust his head back, and said: "If you haint a good 'un, I'll be d—d!" Then he slammed the door and departed.

He was my last visitor. The stranger seeking these apartments may observe upon my door a small placard bearing the inscription: "Small-pox Hospital." Nobody troubles me now. Verily, necessity is the mother of invention!

Capt. R. F. Cattle has been appointed Provost Marshal at this post, vice Capt. Hundley detailed on recruiting service for his regiment, the 5th Georgia.

Gen. Humphrey Marshall arrived in Knoxville on last Tuesday night, on the Virginia train, and took rooms at the Lamar House.

The demoralizing effect of this war is terrible to contemplate. Even the editors have got to stealing paragraphs from each other.

A French woman, twenty-four years old, hung herself for grief, a few days ago, because a pet pig she loved died.

Gen. Shields has been ordered to the department of the Pacific.

Telegraphs now go through from Chicago to San Francisco in eight hours.

If Napoleon really intends to "mediate"—he ought to make it im-mediate.

OBITUARY.

Died in Richmond, Ky., about the 1st of December last, in the 18th year of his age, FRANK WEXTON PEARSON, son of Dr. J. E. Pearson, of Pickens Co. Alabama.

This noble youth was a member of Capt. B. E. McCauley's cavalry, attached to the 5th Confederate regiment, Gen'l Wheeler's Brigade, having entered the service in the fall of 1861. The writer of this brief notice, remembers well, how earnestly FRANK pleaded with his father, to allow him to enlist for the war. But no argument could suppress his youthful ardor, or meet his patriotic ardor, his heart panting with fire to join his fellows, and aid in freeing this land of its tyrannical touch, and the invaders fast. He was told that he was too young, and too small, that it would be better to pursue his studies one year more, and then join the army. He replied in language as mature as beautiful, "How can I study when my country is bleeding at every pore?" Unable finally, to check his young desire to meet the foe, his father yielded; and though himself over three score years, entered the same regiment as surgeon.

Among his companions in arms, FRANK was greatly beloved, and popular with his officers. Though rather small, he was remarkable for being one of the finest riders in the entire regiment. He was never absent when duty called him, and besides participating in many engagements, he was in the great campaign into, and from Kentucky, and was wounded in the retreat near Wild Cat. After seven days' hard fighting under Gen'l Wheeler, he was left in the rear, and subsequently carried to Richmond, Ky., where after suffering for weeks with his wound, his constitution gave way, and he died in the bloom of youth, far from his mother and sister. Alas! how sad to his parents after weeks of doubt, of fear and of hope to hear that their only son had surely died! But it is the best. He has gone from the "evil to come." His devotion to his Bible, his religious training, his upright life, so remarkable for one of his age, and his lingering illness give hope of his eternal rest. May those of his family who remain behind, strive to meet him, where there is no more death, no more war, no more parting. Shelbyville, Tenn. Feb. 1863. D. C. B. C.

New Advertisements.

WANTED TO RENT.
A HOUSE, furnished or unfurnished. Apply at this office.

WANTED.
We wish to hire two able bodied men, white, or black, to do night work at this office.

OFFICE OF COMMANDANT OF CONSCRIPTS.
Knoxville, March 3d, 1863.
Enrolling officers will not turn over to officers from the army in recruiting service any conscripts collected at the place of rendezvous when a county is called out, nor will they turn over to such officers any conscripts which they may, at any time arrest, but will send all such men to the Camp of Instruction, to be distributed among the different regiments.

Enrolling officers are further directed not to respect any certificates of employment in the Nitro service from Capt. T. J. Finley bearing date subsequent to the 15th of January, 1863. All persons employed in said service since the 15th of January, must have regular detail papers from this office.

By order of
Lt. Col. E. D. BLAKE, Commandant of Conscripts.

BOX LOST.
SHIPPED on the 18th of December from Chattanooga, Ga. to Memphis, a small box, about 12 by 24 inches, containing books, books, hats, etc., and marked "Capt. Harry" which was never received. A liberal reward will be paid for its delivery at this office. (March 3d)

PIANOS FOR SALE.
Two good second hand Pianos for sale by
J. H. WILLY, Commission Merchant.

LEATHER WANTED.
Persons having Sole, Upper and Harness Leather, can obtain high prices, on application to
J. H. WILLY, Commission Merchant.

CHEAP SHOES.
200 pairs Oxford Ties, fresh stock, for sale low
J. H. WILLY, Commission Merchant.

Carriage, Phaeton and Buggy.
Three good second hand vehicles, for sale by
J. H. WILLY, Commission Merchant.

FOR SALE.
A fine saddle and harness, 6 years old, spirited and gaited. For sale by
J. H. WILLY, Commission Merchant.

\$5500 TENNESSEE MONEY.
This above amount in notes of the old banks—for sale by
J. H. WILLY, Commission Merchant.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.
Chattanooga, Feb. 11, 1863.

CITIZENS are notified that they are expected to report to the Post Quartermaster all money notes and bonds in this vicinity, and are warned not to trade for Government property of any kind, as their claims will not be respected, unless the property has been conducted, and branded with a "C."

P. F. JONES, Major & Post Qm.

EXTENSIVE CATALOGUE SALE

OF

IMPORTED GOODS

BY

D. MAYER, JACOB & CO.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

—ON—

Tuesday, the 10th of March, 1863.

J. JACOB, Auctioneer.

5000 yards elegant Lawns,
2000 yards merino Muslin,
5000 yards English Calicoes,
10000 yards Bleached Sheetings,
5000 yards Bleached Shirts,
1 case Bleached Shirts,
1 case Bleached Shirts,
1600 yards plain and dotted Swiss Muslin,
2 cases plaid Gingham,
1000 yards elegant Cambrays,
4 cases regatta Cambrays,
7000 yards fancy Flannel,
1000 yards white and red Flannel,
1 case plain and black Wool de Laine,
500 dozen cotton Handkerchiefs,
300 dozen Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs,
500 dozen Merino Half Hose,
1000 dozen Ladies English White Hose,
100 dozen Ladies Expansion Shirts,
2000 dozen Westhead 200 yards Spool Cotton, black,
10000 dozen Brooks 200 yards Spool Cotton, black,
10000 dozen Patent Thread in Spools and Skeins,
100 lbs Black Sewing Silk,
6000 dozen Horn Fine Combs,
3000 dozen Ivory and Guita Percha Combs,
50 Tooth Brushes, 50 doz. Tooth Brushes,
10000 dozen Crayon over Shirts, 100 doz. Shirts,
10000 dozen Cambray and Flannel Shirts, 100 " Shirts,
1000 dozen Merino and Shetland Undershirts,
1000 dozen Merino and Shetland Drawers,
10000 English Sheet Thread, 1000 lbs,
10000 lb Cloth Over Coats,
5000 yards Irish Linen,
20 dozen Suspenders,
A fine lot of Millinery Goods,
500 pairs Ladies and Misses Gaiters,
Boots and Shoes,
5000 Beams Commercial Note Paper,
10000 Sack-Liverpool Salt,
15 Sacks All Spice,
3000 Glycerine Saps,
500 pairs White Men Pants,
300 pairs Cassimere Pants,
1000 heavy Over Coats,
3000 fine Cassimere Coats,
1000 black Frock Coats,
A fine assortment of Vests,
2000 lbs Smoking Tobacco,
200 boxes Tobacco,
200 boxes London Dock Brandy,
1000 boxes fine Champagne,
10000 Imported Havana Segars,
200 lbs Life Powder,
1000 Carpet Bags,
And quite a number of other goods too numerous to mention.

Catalogue at Sales Rooms,
Sales Positive,
Terms Cash. (March 10th)

To Shoemakers and Leather Finishers.
100 GOOD SHOE MAKERS, and a few Leather Dressers, can find employment in the Government Shoe Factory at Atlanta, Ga., under the direction of the undersigned. None but good hands need apply. Those furnishing their own tools will have preference.

Soldiers desiring to work in this establishment must procure their own details from their commanding officers.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM, Major & Qm.

M. J. HUGHES,
Attorney at Law, Claim Agent and Notary Public,
RICHMOND—VA.

CLAIMS of every description against the Confederate Government settled with accuracy and dispatch. Attends all the Confederate States courts held in the city of Richmond. Address Box 1163.

Jan 23-ly

Sugar, Coffee and Salt.
For sale by
J. H. WILLY.

VIRGINIA SALT.
I HAVE a small lot of Virginia Salt, which I have had constantly at 25 cts. per bushel, since Jan. 27th.

M. BRADY.

NOTICE.
DELINQUENT Tax Payors in the State and County of Taxes of 1862, in the Chattanooga District, will call and pay the same without delay to John P. Long, at the Recording Office, who is authorized to receipt for the same.

T. L. GARDENHIRE, Tax Collector, Hamilton Co.

FOR SALE.
A NIGREY Negro Boy, 21 years of age. Enquire of (Feb 20th) D. KAYLOR.

TOBACCO.
I HAVE, and will always keep on hand a large amount well assorted stock of Va. and N. C. Tobaccoes, of all sorts and grades, which I offer for sale to retailers or smokers, at a low price at Swick's old stand, opposite the Presbyterian Church Jan. 27th.

M. BRADY.

TAKE UP.
AND committed to jail by the military authorities at Chattanooga, on the 20th of October, 1862, and more recently committed by an acting Justice of the Peace for the County of Hamilton, Tenn., on the 18th of December, 1862, a negro boy, calling his name J. H. WILLY, and says he belongs to Wm. Jones, of Memphis. Said boy is black, 20 years old, 5 feet 4 inches high. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him out of jail. (Feb 20th) J. H. SWAIN, Jailor.

FARM AND RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
OFFER for sale my farm and residence, located 12 miles from La Fayette, the county of Walker Co., Ga., and 18 miles from the W. & A. Railroad. There are three hundred acres, one hundred and forty enclosed, fenced and ready for planting, the balance unplanted. There is a new frame dwelling with six rooms, and out houses complete. The farm is a large frame building, with a good running stream attached, for driving Thrasher and Cotton Gin. The stables are new framed buildings, with cow and sheep sheds complete, and in good repair. There is a good vegetable garden, and a fine orchard of choice apples, peaches and pears, with a variety of grapes, &c. The place is well watered with spring and well, conveniently located. The location is as healthy as can be found anywhere. Any one wishing further particulars, will apply immediately to
J. H. WILLY, La Fayette, Ga.

\$25 REWARD.
RAN AWAY from the subscriber near Trenton La. Doo county Ga., on the 11th day of Feb'y (1863) my Negro boy named Jerry. Said boy is about 6 feet, 6 inches high, weighs 120 lbs, has thick black bones, thick lips, color, very black. I will pay \$25 for the apprehension and delivery of said boy to me or to Trenton jail, so that I get him, and if said boy is caught without the limits of said county, and delivered to me or lodged in jail so that I get him, I will pay fifty dollars.

(Feb 10-ly) D. BROCK.

City Property for Sale.
THREE houses and lots in the city of Chattanooga, for sale by
J. H. WILLY.

New Bacon and Salt!
A FEW hundred pounds family cured Bacon. 30 lbs. each. For sale by
J. H. WILLY.

CITY TAXES.
THE Tax payers will please call at the Recorder's Office and give in their property and polls, for city taxes, for the present year.

Feb 10-ly JOHN P. LONG, Recorder.

SOUTHERN BANK NOTES.
GEORGIA TREASURY NOTES.

For sale by
WILLY.

Feb 10-ly

Feb 10-ly

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